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THE OUTSIDERS
A NEW MUSICAL

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La Jolla Playhouse

present

THE OUTSIDERS
A NEW MUSICAL

Book by
ADAM RAPP with **JUSTIN LEVINE**

Music & Lyrics by
JAMESTOWN REVIVAL (JONATHAN CLAY & ZACH CHANCE) and **JUSTIN LEVINE**

Based on the novel by S.E. Hinton and Francis Ford Coppola's Motion Picture

Starring

BRODY GRANT SKY LAKOTA-LYNCH JOSHUA BOONE BRENT COMER JASON SCHMIDT
EMMA PITTMAN DARYL TOFA KEVIN WILLIAM PAUL DAN BERRY

JORDAN CHIN MILENA J. COMEAU BARTON COWPERTHWAITE
TILLY EVANS-KRUEGER HENRY JULIÁN GENDRON RJ HIGTON WONZA JOHNSON
SEAN HARRISON JONES MAGGIE KUNTZ RENNI ANTHONY MAGEE SARAHGRACE MARIANI
MELODY ROSE JOSH STROBL VICTOR CARRILLO TRACEY TREVOR WAYNE

Scenography
AMP featuring **TATIANA KAHVEGIAN**

Costume Design
SARAFINA BUSH

Lighting Design
BRIAN MACDEVITT

Sound Design
CODY SPENCER

Projection Design
HANA S. KIM

Special Effects Design
JEREMY CHERNICK
LILLIS MEEH

Hair & Wig Design
ALBERTO "ALBEE" ALVARADO

Makeup Design
TISHONNA FERGUSON

Sound Effects Specialist
TAYLOR BENSE

Creative Consultant
JACK VIERTEL

Music Director & Co-Orchestrator
MATT HINKLEY

Casting
TARA RUBIN CASTING
XAVIER RUBIANO, CSA

Associate Director
MIRANDA CORNELL

Associate Choreographers
KRISTEN CARCONE
TILLY EVANS-KRUEGER

Music Coordinator
KRISTY NORTER

Anthropologist
MICHAEL RALPH

Speech Text & Dialect Coach
GIGI BUFFINGTON

Sensitivity Specialist
ANN C. JAMES

Marketing Strategy & Direction
on the RIALTO

Ticketing & Revenue Strategy
TANNA

Press
BONEAU/BRYAN-BROWN

Advertising & Marketing
SERINO COYNE

Digital Advertising
SITUATION INTERACTIVE

Social Media
MARATHON DIGITAL

Production Stage Manager
BEVERLY JENKINS

Production Management
JUNIPER STREET PRODUCTIONS

Company Manager
MICHAEL ALTBAUM

General Management
321 THEATRICAL MANAGEMENT

Music Supervision, Orchestration & Arrangements by
JUSTIN LEVINE

Choreography by
RICK KUPERMAN & JEFF KUPERMAN

Directed by
DANYA TAYMOR

World Premiere of "THE OUTSIDERS" Produced by La Jolla Playhouse. Christopher Ashley, Artistic Director & Debby Buchholz, Managing Director
Music by Arrangement with Sony/ATV Music Publishing

FOR SUSIE.

The Cast of *The Outsiders*

CAST

PONYBOY CURTIS.....BRODY GRANT
JOHNNY CADE.....SKY LAKOTA-LYNCH
DALLAS WINSTON.....JOSHUA BOONE
DARREL CURTIS.....BRENT COMER
SODAPOP CURTIS.....JASON SCHMIDT
CHERRY VALANCE.....EMMA PITTMAN
TWO-BIT.....DARYL TOFA
BOB.....KEVIN WILLIAM PAUL
PAUL.....DAN BERRY
MARCIA.....SARAHGRACE MARIANI
ACE.....TILLY EVANS-KRUEGER
STEVE.....RENNI ANTHONY MAGEE
CHET.....RJ HIGTON
TRIP.....SEAN HARRISON JONES
BRILL.....BARTON COWPERTHWAITE
BEVERLY.....MELODY ROSE
COP.....KEVIN WILLIAM PAUL

ENSEMBLE.....BARTON COWPERTHWAITE, TILLY EVANS-KRUEGER, RJ HIGTON, WONZA JOHNSON, SEAN HARRISON JONES, RENNI ANTHONY MAGEE, SARAHGRACE MARIANI, MELODY ROSE, JOSH STROBL, TREVOR WAYNE

SWINGS.....JORDAN CHIN, MILENA J. COMEAU, HENRY JULIÁN GENDRON, VICTOR CARRILLO TRACEY

Jason Schmidt & Brody Grant

TRACKS

1 **TULSA '67**
PONYBOY, JOHNNY, COMPANY

2 **GREASE GOT A HOLD**
DALLAS, SODAPOP, TWO-BIT, DARREL, GREASERS

3 **RUNS IN THE FAMILY**
DARREL

4 **GREAT EXPECTATIONS**
PONYBOY, COMPANY

5 **FRIDAY AT THE DRIVE-IN**
CHERRY, BOB, COMPANY

6 **I COULD TALK TO YOU ALL NIGHT**
CHERRY, PONYBOY

7 **RUNS IN THE FAMILY (REPRISE)**
DARREL

8 **FAR AWAY FROM TULSA**
PONYBOY, JOHNNY, COMPANY

9 **RUN RUN BROTHER**
DALLAS, PONYBOY, JOHNNY, COMPANY

10 **JUSTICE FOR TULSA**
COMPANY

11 **DEATH'S AT MY DOOR**
PONYBOY, JOHNNY

12 **THROWING IN THE TOWEL**
DARREL, SODAPOP, PONYBOY

13 **SODA'S LETTER**
SODAPOP, PONYBOY, DARREL

14 **HOODS TURNED HEROES**
TWO-BIT, SODAPOP, GREASERS

15 **HOPELESS WAR**
CHERRY, PONYBOY

16 **TROUBLE**
DALLAS, GREASERS, SOCS

17 **LITTLE BROTHER**
DALLAS, COMPANY

18 **STAY GOLD**
JOHNNY, PONYBOY

19 **FINALE (TULSA '67)**
PONYBOY, COMPANY

Brody Grant, Jason Schmidt, Brent Comer, Sky Lakota-Lynch

Produced by Justin Levine, Jonathan Clay and Zach Chance
Co-Produced by Lawrence Manchester and Matt Hinkley
Executive Produced by Scott Farthing, Matthew Rego, Michael Rego, Hank Unger and Cristina Vivenzio

Recorded by Lawrence Manchester
Mixed by Ryan Lipman

Music and Lyrics by Jamestown Revival (Jonathan Clay and Zach Chance) and Justin Levine
Book by Adam Rapp with Justin Levine
Orchestrations by Justin Levine, Matt Hinkley and Jamestown Revival (Jonathan Clay and Zach Chance)
Arrangements by Justin Levine

Conducted by Matt Hinkley

Matt Hinkley	Organ, Wurlitzer, Rhodes
Mark G. Meadows	Piano
Matt Beck	Acoustic Guitar, Electric Guitar, Mandolin, Lap Steel
Freddy Hall	Acoustic Guitar, Electric Guitar
Jamie Eblen	Drums
Alexandra Eckhardt	Electric Bass, Fretless Bass, Upright Bass
Noelle Rueschman	Clarinet, Baritone Sax, Tenor Sax
Clarida Eltime	Cello
Justin Smith	Violin

Recording Production Manager	Janet Weber
Music Coordinator	Kristy Norter
Music Copying	Emily Grishman Music Preparation/Alden Terry
Production Coordinator/Music Associate	Andrea Yohe
Score Coordinator	Brooke Trumm
Associate Producer	Danya Taymor
Assistant Engineers	Michael Hickey, Beth Scott
Mix Assistant	Paul Redel
Pro Tools Operator	Ben Miller
Keyboard Programmer	Randy Cohen; Randy Cohen Keyboards
Associate Keyboard Programmers	Nick Schenkel, John Deley
Ableton Programmer	Enrico de Trizio

Recorded at Berklee at PowerStation NYC, New York

Tracks 4, 13 and 18

Jonathan Clay	Guitar
Assistant Engineers	Nate Odden, Rebecca Moore

Recorded at The DiMenna Center for Classical Music

Additional Recording Services provided by Audiosmith Digital Solutions

Mastered by Oscar Zambrano at Zampol Productions

General Management	321 Theatrical Management Nina Essman, Ken Silverman, Amy Merlino Coey, & Rachel Kaufman
Company Management	Michael Altbaum, Katie Andrew, & Viraj Shriwardhankar
Production Stage Manager	Beverly Jenkins
Producer Associate	Sophie Glassman
Creative Direction by	Ron Jaramillo
Package Design by	Amelia Joyce Tubb
Production Manager	Justine Hong
Production Photography	© 2024, Matthew Murphy

"WE ALL COME FROM DIFFERENT PLACES; WE ALL START FROM DIFFERENT LINES..."

I've said it many times, and I'll say it many times again: "musical theater" is not a genre of music. This ubiquitous and yet elusive art form has been a cultural fascination since it emerged about a century ago. Before that, opera, operetta, vaudeville and many other forms had blended storytelling with music. What sets musical theater apart, I believe, is that its origins line up with the 20th-century sonic boom of American pop music that took the country (and the world) by storm. When musical theater made its mark as a formidable popular entertainment, its composers were also among the great pop songwriters of their day.

I've been lucky enough to work with some of my favorite singer/songwriters, Jamestown Revival included. When I first met Jonathan and Zach, they seemed to think that their world and mine were far apart. I told them that they have more in common with the artists who pioneered what we call "Broadway" than they differ. I first encountered Jamestown's music by way of their freshman album *Utah* and was immediately hooked. There is an undeniable sincerity, a persistent exploration of the human condition, and a timelessness that are most rare. On paper, it might have seemed strange to have them pen a Broadway musical. But, like them, I don't read music, so there you have it!

From the first time we sat down with guitars and a piano, I knew I'd found creative soulmates. Stepping into a longstanding collaboration (since they were fifteen, in fact) can be intimidating, but with our hearts bleeding all over our sleeves, there was a connection none of us could deny. Jonathan, Zach and I have a wide spectrum of musical influences but with many overlaps. We share a love of folk, soul, blues, rock and roll, country, rockabilly, gospel and many other styles that meet at the crossroads of what we call Americana. This shared love infused our score, making it such an exciting palate with which to paint S.E. Hinton's Tulsa.

Making a musical is a bit like making a tornado. You catch momentum, the wind picks up and ideas begin swirling around the room. In this process, music absorbs book, book becomes song, story becomes movement, movement becomes lyrics, and the cyclone reveals who and what should be telling the story when. Jamestown and I say that Adam Rapp is the most rock-and-roll of us all, and it's true. He's a forever child with endless creativity, a deep sense of musicality and an enviable boldness. It's hard to imagine the songs without the book, and vice versa.

Above all else, this score and show were built on a love and respect for their source material. Each of us has our story of how we first encountered *The Outsiders*, and we brought this history to the work. Adaptation is as elusive as musical theater itself. It's retelling a story as if it's being told for the first time. Even when we deviated from the novel, it was always in concert with the conversation Susie started back in 1965. We strove to create a sound that resonated with these characters' inner lives, and perhaps ours as well. We sincerely hope it resonates with yours.

– JUSTIN LEVINE
NEW YORK, 2024

Tilly Evans-Krueger, Joshua Boone, Brody Grant, Jason Schmidt, Sky Lakota-Lynch, Daryl Tofa

HOW TO FALL ASLEEP WITH BRUISED RIBS

Turn on your side. No, the other side, Butterhead! Sleep away from the pain! Yeah, toward that nice Philco T-66, and switch it on 'cause a good song's about to play. An instant classic with slide guitar and heartbreak in the melody. You hear that? Yeah, that's the best band in the goddamn world, right there. They sing about slugging it out in half-lit parks. Watch out for the monkey bars! That fountain over there's got a fish in it — a walleye with gritty little teeth, I shit you not. This band's got songs about living on Mexican Coca-Cola and three-day-old birthday cake. They know about what's going on under the hood of a '62 Impala and bar room brawling — they really do. They know about those rich kids over there huddling near the jukebox like a pack of schoolboy coyotes, waiting for some lonely poor kid to mess with. Come here, Hood. Yeah, you. Get over here, you dirty little Greaser. Got a quarter I can borrow? I'll trade you for the knuckles on my fist. Yeah, this here is my class ring, you like it? Wanna kiss it? This band sings about screwed- up kids running through the streets. They know how hunger can claw at the back of your stomach like a cat.

They know about broken bottles glittering on the pavement of empty parking lots and the sweet-sour medicine of cheap beer and the smell of lighter fluid. Butane if you're lucky enough to have a Zippo. They got this one song about how to look cool smoking. It's like an instruction-manual song. Yeah, they're the best dang band on earth, and they make songs about shadows darting past the yellow living room windows of rich-kid homes; those west-side Soc homes with initials on all the garages. See how nice that "F" looks in cursive like that? Like it's almost sliding? Look at that dang garage. God awmighty, you could live a whole life in that thing. This band sings about hair like it's an opera. They sing about unwashed Wranglers and ice-cream-colored madras shirts. There's this one verse they got, it's in code, I swear. It says one thing but it's really about hamburgers and flying saucers. They got songs about dreams that are just out of reach and dreams expiring like busted flashlights and dreams going smoky in churches. They sing about the smell of gasoline and aching hearts. They sing about this one special freight train; how you can carve your initials into a particular box car and be remembered for all time. This band knows what it feels like after you've been kicked in the head, and you close your eyes and see lightning. They know about old jalopies that have been up on blocks for like three thousand years. And about how Cadillacs float across town like they're part of a silent golden dream. One of their songs makes me want to kiss that Soc girl with the Ann-Margret hair. Jesus Christmas, it makes me want to kiss the life out of her. Like we only have a few hours left on earth. Like it would taste like magic apples and peppermint — that kind of a kiss. They should maybe write a song about trying to fall asleep standing up, with your leather jacket wedged between you and the entrance to the pharmacy. They should write a song capturing that kind of feeling. I heard they're finally making a record. I feel like I've been waiting for it for like a hundred thousand years. The other day the lady at the record store told me they were coming here to play in town. I wonder what kind of set-up they'll have. Will there be an old upright piano? How many guitars? Will some old man with a broken leg be playing the tuba? I know they got a fiddler 'cause you can hear it in there, hiding like a secret. Will they rumble across Southwest Boulevard on a big-ass flatbed with the biggest drum set you've ever seen? Clamoring and snorting like thunderhorses? Guitars wailing and a tenor sax sounding like a sexy girl crying out in the middle of a blackout and a choir of voices singing down God and the Devil and everyone in between? Once they've passed through town will the smell of diesel fuel linger in the streets? ...Will they have a new song about my life? Will they know how it feels to wake up in the middle of the night and want to set something on fire? Or chase a pretty girl across the parking lot of the drive-in? Or jump a freight train going nowhere fast but everywhere all at once? Will they know my name, this band? Will they know it before I even meet 'em? Will at least one of their songs save my life?

– ADAM RAPP
NEW YORK, 2024

Sky Lakota-Lynch & Brody Grant

TULSA '67

PONYBOY
When I stepped out into the bright sunlight from the darkness
of the movie house, I had only two things on my mind:
Paul Newman and a ride home.

I'VE NEVER BEEN OUT OF TULSA BEFORE
I WONDER WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE
I'VE NEVER KNOWN ANYBODY TO LEAVE
MOST PEOPLE GET STUCK HERE FOR LIFE

MY BROTHER COULD HAVE BEEN A FOOTBALL STAR
PEOPLE SAY HE HAD A TICKET OUT
MY OTHER BROTHER SUFFERS FROM A BROKEN HEART
FROM A GIRL HE LOVED WHO UP AND MOVED AWAY

WE GOT NO PARENTS WE FEND FOR OURSELVES
THERE'S NO ONE TO SHOW US THE WAY
MY BROTHERS ARE TRYING BUT THEY'RE ALWAYS OUT
JUST WORKING THEIR POOR LIVES AWAY

MY NAME IS PONYBOY
THE YOUNGEST OF THE THREE
I KNOW THERE'S SO MUCH MORE TO LIFE
THAN WHAT'S IN FRONT OF ME
SO I SNEAK INTO THE MOVIES
JUST TO GLIMPSE THE OTHER SIDE
RATHER TAKE THE RISK AND SEE IT
THAN TO NEVER EVEN TRY

WHEN I AM LOOKING UP AND NEWMAN'S ON THE SCREEN
THE ENTIRE WORLD JUST MELTS AWAY
AND FOR A MOMENT I'M NOT WORRIED 'BOUT A THING
I JUST SIT BACK AND LET THE MOVIE START TO PLAY

BUT UNLIKE IN THE MOVIES AND THE BOOKS I LIKE TO READ
NOTHING IN THIS TOWN PLAYS OUT THE SAME
THEY TELL ME IT WAS DIFFERENT
BACK WHEN WE COULD ALL AGREE
SOMEWHERE DOWN THE LINE WE LOST OUR WAY

WE HAD PLACES TO GO
WE HAD THINGS TO DO
SO THEY TOOK ONE TOWN AND THEY SPLIT IN TWO
ALL THE MONEY WENT WEST
KICKED THE GREASE TO THE EAST
AND THE TRAIN RAN RIGHT DOWN THE BELLY OF THE BEAST

HERE WE ARE NOW
I'M TALKING TO YOU
WHEN I GET TO THE END TELL ME WHAT YOU WOULD DO
IN A TOWN THAT'S TORN IN TWO
WHAT'S A GREASER FROM THE EAST SIDE S'POSED TO DO
THIS IS

FULL COMPANY
TULSA 1967
AND THERE'S JUST ONE THING YOU NEED TO KNOW
YOU'VE GOT GREASERS AND SOCS,
THAT'S HOW IT'S ALWAYS BEEN
AND THAT'S PROBABLY HOW IT'S ALWAYS GONNA GO

PONYBOY **SOC ENSEMBLE**
THERE'S ANOTHER SIDE OF TULSA OOH
THAT I HARDLY EVER SEE
IT'S LIKE SOME KIND OF FAIRYTALE LAND OOH
THE GRASS IS ALWAYS GREENER OOH
AND THE STREETS ARE ALWAYS CLEAN
ALL THE GIRLS ARE PRETTY THERE OOH
AND ALL THE GUYS ARE MEAN AAH

PONYBOY
WE CALL THEM SOCS CAUSE THEY LIVE LIKE SOCIALITES
BARBECUES AND GRADUATION DAYS
WITH BETTER CLOTHES AND BETTER CARS AND BETTER LIVES

FULL COMPANY
JUST ONE TOWN, TWO VERY DIFFERENT WAYS

PONYBOY
AND OVER ON THE EAST SIDE
THE STORY'S NOT THE SAME
ANOTHER RUN-DOWN BUILDING
ANOTHER BROKEN WINDOW PANE

THE CAR'S NO LONGER RUNNING
SITTING IDLE IN THE YARD
THEY'RE BUILDING UP THE WEST SIDE
WHILE THE EAST SIDE FALLS APART

That right there is my best friend in the whole world, Johnny Cade.
Just last week, some Socs beat the living hell out of him. He hasn't
been the same since.

JOHNNY
THIS TOWN IT ONLY HOLDS YOU DOWN
THERE'S JUDGEMENT EVERYWHERE
AND PEOPLE THINK THEY KNOW YOU
BY THE WAY YOU WEAR YOUR HAIR

JOHNNY & PONYBOY
IF YOU'RE NOT BORN INTO MONEY
THEN YOU'RE BORN INTO DESPAIR

GREASERS
AND THEY'LL DO ALL THAT THEY CAN
TO KEEP YOUR POOR ASS THERE

PONYBOY
WE GAVE OURSELVES A NAME
'CAUSE WE DON'T HAVE A LOT
WE STICK TOGETHER CAUSE EACH OTHER'S ALL WE GOT

PONYBOY & GREASERS
WE TAKE A LOT OF PRIDE IN HOW WE GREASE OUR HAIR
PEOPLE LOOK US UP AND DOWN AND WE DON'T EVEN CARE
'CAUSE WE'RE GREASERS!

PONYBOY
MAKING SOMETHING OUT OF NOTHING
BUT IT'S SOMETHING THAT A SOC AIN'T GOT

GREASERS
WE ARE GREASERS!

PONYBOY
AIN'T NEVER GONNA CHANGE
'CAUSE IT REALLY DON'T MATTER IF YOU LIKE IT OR NOT

PONYBOY & ENSEMBLE
'CAUSE THIS IS TULSA 1967
AND THERE'S JUST ONE THING YOU NEED TO KNOW
YOU'VE GOT GREASERS AND SOCS, THAT'S HOW IT'S ALWAYS BEEN

PONYBOY **ENSEMBLE**
AND THAT'S PROBABLY HOW
IT'S ALWAYS GONNA GO
IN A TOWN THAT'S TORN IN TWO
AND THAT'S PROBABLY HOW
WHAT'S A GREASER FROM THE EAST IT'S ALWAYS GONNA GO
SIDE S'POSED TO DO?
AND THAT'S PROBABLY HOW
IT'S ALWAYS GONNA GO
YEAH

FULL COMPANY
THAT'S PROBABLY HOW IT'S ALWAYS GONNA GO

GREASE GOT A HOLD

DALLY
Here ye, Here ye! As the gloopiest, gooiest, grimiest grease in the land
lubricates our finest automobiles, assembly lines and fried chicken
dinners, let it be known that Ponyboy Curtis of the East Side of Tulsa,
Oklahoma is about to be officially lubed up and added to the ranks of
Greasers all over the globe!

PONYBOY, I THINK IT'S TIME YOU LEARN,
THAT GREASE ISN'T GIVEN,
IT'S SOMETHING THAT YOU EARN.
SOME OF US ARE SMOOTH, LIKE JAMES DEAN.
SOME OF US ARE COLD, AND A LITTLE MORE MEAN.

TIME TO BE TOUGH,
AND QUICK ON YOUR FEET,
THERE AIN'T NO WAY A BOY CAN MAKE IT OUT ON THE STREET,
UNLESS YOU'RE MEAN AS A FIGHTER AND
YOU'RE SHARP AS A BLADE.
PLAY IT COOL, LITTLE BROTHER, AND YOU'LL HAVE IT MADE.
NO, WE AIN'T GOT MONEY,
BUT WE GOT SOMETHING TO PROVE.
YOU'RE A GREASER NOW,
AND YOU AIN'T GOING BACK.
YOU'RE AN EASTBOUND TRAIN
ON A GREASED-UP TRACK.
LET IT BE KNOWN THAT THE GREASE GOT A HOLD ON YOU.

G IS FOR GETTIN' A LICK AND NOT GIVIN' A SHIT 'CAUSE YOU'RE
TOUGH ON THE CHIN,
R IS FOR YOUR REPUTATION BECAUSE IF YOU LOSE IT THEN
YOU'LL NEVER WIN.
E IS TO EVEN THE SCORE WHEN THE SOCS COME AT YOU WITH
ALL THAT THEY GOT.
A, YOU'RE AN ANIMAL,
S, YOU GOT STAMINA,
E IS EMBRACING YOUR LOT.

SODAPOP
No, no, it's not about gettin' your licks, it's about lickin' your gets.
Chicks love a busted-up face.

G IS FOR GETTING THE GIRLS EV'RY TIME 'CAUSE YOU
GOT IRRESISTIBLE CHARM.
R IS FOR REELING 'EM IN AND THEN KEEPING THE
PRETTIEST ONE ON YOUR ARM.
E IS FOR EFFORTLESS SWAGGER, THE KIND THAT
THE LADIES CAN NEVER DENY.
A FOR EFFECTIVE, BUT NOT TOO SELECTIVE,
AND E IS FOR CATCHING HER EYE.

TWO-BIT
It ain't just about bustin' heads and chasin' tail.
Sometimes you gotta stop and smell the motor oil!

SODAPOP
Show us how it's done then, Einstein.

TWO-BIT
I MAY NOT BE THE SHARPEST TACK IN THE BOX
I'M A LATCHKEY KID
BUT THEY KEEP CHANGIN' THE LOCKS
I AIN'T NO SWEET-TALKING ROMEO BUT I CAN FIGHT
YOU BETTER BET YOUR LIFE

GREASERS
SO PLAY IT MEAN AS A FIGHTER AND BE SHARP AS A BLADE.
PLAY IT COOL, LITTLE BROTHER, AND YOU'LL HAVE IT MADE.
NO, WE AIN'T GOT MONEY,
BUT WE'VE GOT SOMETHING TO PROVE.

YOU'RE A GREASER NOW,
AND YOU AIN'T GOING BACK.
YOU'RE AN EASTBOUND TRAIN
ON A GREASED-UP TRACK.
LET IT BE KNOWN THAT THE GREASE GOT A HOLD ON YOU

DARREL
BEING A GREASER IS PLAYING YOUR HAND EVEN WHEN
THERE'S NO WAY YOU CAN WIN.
IT'S PROVING THEM WRONG EVEN WHEN THEY'VE DECIDED
THE WINNER BEFORE YOU BEGIN.
IT'S ABOUT OVERCOMING AND BEATING THE ODDS,
IT'S FIGHTING FOR ALL THAT YOU GOT.
THERE WILL ALWAYS BE HAVES AND YOU BETTER BE SURE
THAT THE HAVES'LL MAKE SURE YOU HAVE NOT.
SO, PONYBOY, I THINK IT'S TIME YOU LEARN
YOU WANNA BE JAMES DEAN, YOU'RE GONNA CRASH AND BURN.
YOU GOTTA SET YOUR SIGHTS ON SOMETHING MORE.
YOU WANNA BE A FIGHTER, THEN KNOW JUST WHAT YOU'RE
FIGHTING FOR.

Speakin' of which, I gotta go pick up my paycheck.
You make sure he gets his ass home, Soda.
Straight home.

DALLY
YOU WANNA BE TOUGH, YOU BETTER LISTEN TO ME.
I'VE SEEN IT ALL, I'VE LIVED A LIFE ON THE STREET.
I'LL TEACH YOU EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW
ON HOW TO SURVIVE.

8

GREASERS
YOU'RE A GREASE FOR LIFE!
SO PLAY IT MEAN AS A FIGHTER AND BE SHARP AS A BLADE.
PLAY IT COOL, LITTLE BROTHER, AND YOU'LL HAVE IT MADE.
NO, WE AIN'T GOT MONEY,
BUT WE GOT SOMETHING TO PROVE.

YOU'RE A GREASER NOW,
AND YOU AIN'T GOING BACK.
YOU'RE AN EASTBOUND TRAIN
ON A GREASED-UP TRACK.
LET IT BE KNOWN THAT THE GREASE GOT A HOLD ON YOU.

DALLY
LITTLE BROTHER, NOW YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY.

GREASERS
LET IT BE KNOWN THAT THE GREASE GOT A HOLD ON YOU.

DALLY
LITTLE BROTHER, NOW IT'S THERE TO STAY

GREASERS
LET IT BE KNOWN THAT THE GREASE GOT A HOLD ON YOU.

RUNS IN THE FAMILY

DARREL
HARD TO BELIEVE IN LESS THAN A YEAR,
HOW IT ALL FELL APART AND I FOUND MYSELF HERE.
I HAD DIFFERENT PLANS I HAD PLACES TO GO.
IT ALL FELT SO SURE BUT WHAT THE HELL DID I KNOW.

SO I DROPPED OUTTA SCHOOL 'CAUSE I HAD TO EARN A DOLLAR
NOW I'M STUCK BETWEEN THE ROLE OF A BROTHER AND A FATHER
SOME PEOPLE TOLD ME THAT I THREW IT ALL AWAY
NOW I WONDER IF THEY'RE RIGHT AT THE END OF THE DAY.

I GET TIRED OF WORKING MY HANDS TO THE BONE,
I GET UP BEFORE THE SUN IN THE MORNIN',
GET BACK AFTER MIDNIGHT, CAN'T GET A
BREAK MY BACK ALL DAY THEN I BUST MY ASS AT HOME
I KEEP TREADING WATER
BUT I SINK JUST LIKE A STONE
I GUESS I'M PROBLEM-PRONE.
IT RUNS IN THE FAMILY.

I DID EV'RYTHING RIGHT, BUT EV'RYTHING WENT WRONG.
THAT'S WHY I'M SCRUBBING THIS KITCHEN, WHY I'M
SINGING THIS SONG.
I WAS BORN A GREASE, SO GREASE IS ALL THAT I GET,
ANOTHER HARD-KNOCK LESSON THAT I'LL NEVER FORGET.

EITHER WAY I'M LOSING
NO MATTER WHICH WAY I GO
DON'T KNOW WHAT THEM BOYS WOULD EVER DO WITHOUT ME
AND WHAT WOULD I DO ON MY OWN
TRYING TO KEEP THINGS MOVING
BUT THERE'S NOWHERE LEFT TO GO
WE WERE DAMNED FROM THE BEGINNING
NOW WE'RE WAITING FOR THE FINAL BLOW
FOR ONE LAST THING TO SHOW
IT RUNS IN THE FAMILY

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

PONYBOY
'SCUSE ME, MR. DICKENS, I'VE GOT SOMETHING ON MY MIND
I'VE TRIED BUT I CAN'T SEEM TO LET IT GO.

LATELY I'VE BEEN THINKING 'BOUT THAT LITTLE
ORPHANED BOY WHOSE PARENTS DIED AND LEFT HIM
ALL ALONE.

THEN AN OUTLAW CAME ONE FATEFUL DAY,
WHILE STANDING AT HIS PARENTS' GRAVE
AND OFFERED HIM ANOTHER WAY TO CLIMB.

AND NOW, I WONDER
IS THAT ORPHAN STORY MINE?

ALL THESE GREAT EXPECTATIONS
MEET THESE GRAVE REVELATIONS
AM I THE ONE IN CONTROL?
IS IT ALL PREDETERMINED?
AM I PLAYING A ROLE?
PART OF A STORY FORETOLD?

DARREL WAS ON HIS WAY UP IN THE WORLD,
EV'RYONE KNEW HE'D GO FAR.
LIFE CAME ALONG AND HAD DIFFERENT PLANS,
HOW QUICKLY A DREAM FALLS APART

JOHNNY HAS NO KIND OF CHANCE IN THIS WORLD,
NOT FROM WHERE HE'S HAD TO START.
WHO KNOWS HOW FAR IN THIS LIFE HE COULD GO
IF HE PLAYED A DIFFERENT PART.

I LOOK AROUND AT ALL OF MY FRIENDS
AND STILL I FEEL ALONE.
I WOULD FOLLOW THEM TO BATTLE,
BUT THEIR STORY'S NOT MY OWN.

THEY SAY THERE'S STRENGTH IN NUMBERS,
BUT THEY NEVER THINK AT ALL
ABOUT A PATH THAT LEADS YOU OUT
BEYOND THE CITY WALLS.
I'VE GOT

ALL
GREAT EXPECTATIONS.
GREAT EXPECTATIONS.
GREAT EXPECTATIONS.
GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

PONYBOY
TORN BETWEEN WHAT IS AND WHAT COULD BE
IT'S HARD TO WRITE THE STORY WHEN
THE STORY'S WRITING ME
WHEN THIS GREAT EXPECTATION
MEETS THIS GREAT REVELATION
MAYBE THIS COVER'S NOT YOURS
WHEN YOUR BOOK'S FULL OF CREASES
AND YOU SEE THAT THE GREASE IS
TELLING A STORY,
BUT YOU'VE READ THAT ONE BEFORE
SO YOU FIGHT JUST TO SHOW THEM
THAT WE'RE NOT ALL THE SAME
THAT UNDER THE COVER, THERE'S MORE

Sky Lakota-Lynch, Joshua Boone

Jason Schmidt, Renni Anthony Magee, Daryl Tofa,
Tilly Evans-Krueger, Sky Lakota-Lynch,
Joshua Boone, Brent Comer, Brody Grant

Barton Cowperthwaite, Dan Berry, RJ Higton, Kevin William Paul, Emma Pittman, Melody Rose, Sean Harrison Jones

FRIDAY AT THE DRIVE-IN

PONYBOY
The Nightly Double Drive-In was a pretty tough hangout. Kids went there to make out and blow off steam. Greasers *and* Socs. I didn't know it at the time, but this would be the night I would meet the one and only Cherry Valance.

CHERRY
WHEN THE WEEK IS OVER AND SCHOOL IS OUT
FRIDAY AT THE DRIVE-IN'S WHAT IT'S REALLY ABOUT
I'M FEELING KINDA CRAZY BABY, HOW 'BOUT YOU?

BOB
I STOLE THE CADDY FROM MY DADDY STOLE
HIS LIQUOR TOO.

CHERRY & BOB
ALL THE PRETTY GIRLS GETTING ALL DOLLED UP
HEY, YOU LADIES THIRSTY? COME AND FILL YOUR CUP
FRIDAY AT THE DRIVE-IN IS WHAT WE DO

BOB
I GOT MY BEST GIRL AND SOME OTHERS TOO

CHERRY, MARCIA, BEVERLY & BOB
DOUBLE FEATURE PLAYING TONIGHT

CHERRY
M' GIRLS AND ME ARE LOOKING ALRIGHT

CHERRY, MARCIA & BEVERLY
FRIDAY AT THE DRIVE-IN IS QUITE A SIGHT

BOB
YOU GOT COOL HAND LUKE TO KEEP YOU WARM TONIGHT

CHERRY, MARCIA & BEVERLY
I GOT NO MORE STRESS
NOTHING TO WORRY ME.
NO MORE TEACHER'S PET OR TRIGONOMETRY.
WELL, THE WEEK IS THROUGH,

SOCS
AND THERE AIN'T NO BETTER TIME THAN

ENSEMBLE
FRIDAY AT THE DRIVE-IN.

(Instrumental)

FULL COMPANY
'CAUSE IT'S FRIDAY NIGHT
AND IT FEELS SO RIGHT
YES, IT'S FRIDAY NIGHT AT THE DRIVE-IN

OH, WHEN THAT CLOCK STRIKES THREE
YES, WE'RE FINALLY FREE
NOWHERE ELSE TO BE
BUT THE DRIVE-IN
THE DRIVE-IN
THE DRIVE-IN
FRIDAY AT THE DRIVE-IN

Emma Pittman, Brody Grant, Daryl Tofa,
Barton Cowperthwaite, Tilly Evans-Krueger

I COULD TALK TO YOU ALL NIGHT

CHERRY
I WAS UNDER THE IMPRESSION
YOU'D NEVER READ A BOOK AT ALL.
TOO WRAPPED UP IN YOUR AGGRESSION
OUT ON THE STREET 'N' FIGHTING BRAWLS.
AND NOW YOU'RE TALKING 'BOUT THE SUNSET
AND HOW THE COLORS TURN BRIGHT.

SUDDENLY IT SEEMS
THAT I COULD TALK TO YOU FOR HOURS.
BUT THESE HOURS GO LIKE MINUTES
I COULD TALK TO YOU ALL NIGHT

I NEVER TALK LIKE THIS WITH SOCS.
WE KEEP OUR FEELINGS TO OURSELVES.
I TELL MY FRIENDS I LIKE THEIR PARTIES,
WISHING I WAS SOMEWHERE ELSE.

PONYBOY
I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU'RE SAYING
YOU'VE GOTTA FAKE IT TO BELONG
I'D RATHER READ THAN FIGHT A RUMBLE
BUT GREASERS HAVE TO GO ALONG

CHERRY & PONYBOY
IT'S LIKE YOU'RE ALWAYS JUST PRETENDING
IT'S JUST A PART YOU HAVE TO PLAY
FEELS LIKE THIS PRESSURE'S NEVER-ENDING
THERE'S GOT TO BE A BETTER WAY

BUT WITH YOU IT FEELS SO SIMPLE
SOMETHING ABOUT THIS FEELS RIGHT
SUDDENLY IT SEEMS
I COULD TALK TO YOU FOR HOURS
BUT THESE HOURS GO LIKE MINUTES
I COULD TALK TO YOU ALL NIGHT

I DON'T WANT THIS NIGHT TO END
I BET OUR FRIENDS ARE WOND'RING WHERE WE'VE BEEN.
CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT THEY'D SAY
IF ANY OF THEM HEARD US TALK THIS WAY?

CHERRY
NOW DON'T GET ME WRONG WHEN I SAY I'M SURPRISED,
BUT I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE HOPE IN YOUR EYES.
IT MAKES ME BELIEVE THAT THERE MAY BE A CHANCE

CHERRY & PONYBOY
FOR A WORLD BEYOND THE GREASERS AND THE SOCS.
COULD IT EVER BE

PONYBOY
And just like that, the movie was over. We talked so dang much
I didn't even catch the end. It was the first time in my life anyone
actually listened to me like that.

CHERRY
SUDDENLY IT SEEMS

CHERRY & PONYBOY
I COULD TALK TO YOU FOR HOURS
BUT THESE HOURS GO LIKE MINUTES
I COULD TALK TO YOU ALL NIGHT

RUNS IN THE FAMILY (REPRISE)

DARREL
DAMMIT, I'VE HAD IT, I'M DONE TRYIN' TO PLEASE YOU.

SODAPOP
Come on, settle down now, Darrel.

DARREL
WHO THE HELL DO YOU BOYS THINK IS GONNA FEED YOU?

SODAPOP
You're gonna get yourself all worked up again.

DARREL
I'M GETTING TIRED OF FEELING UNAPPRECIATED.

SODAPOP
I'll fold the laundry, I'll fold all of it.

DARREL
TAKING CARE OF FAMILY IS FEELING OVERRATED
I GAVE SO MUCH AWAY,
I GET NOTHIN' IN RETURN.
YOU DON'T TELL ME WHEN YOU'RE COMIN' HOME LATELY.
EAT MY FOOD DO YOU EVEN HAVE A CLUE THAT
ALL YOU DO IS TAKE
EV'RY DOLLAR THAT I EARN.
I TRY TO KEEP YOU FROM THE FIRE
BUT IT'S ME WHO'S GETTING BURNED.
YOU'D THINK BY NOW I'D LEARN.

PONYBOY
It's not my fault that you hate your dang life!

DARREL
MAYBE I SHOULD FIN'LY JUST WALK ON OUT,
YOU WOULD BE ONE LESS THING FOR ME TO WORRY ABOUT.
LEAVE YOU BOYS,
HEAD BACK TO SCHOOL,
I'M TIRED OF LIFTIN' YOU UP,
I'M TIRED OF PLAYIN' THE FOOL.
START A NEW LIFE IN A DIFF'RENT TOWN
THERE AIN'T NO TELLIN' WHERE I'D GO WITHOUT YOU
DRAGGIN' ME DOWN
PICTURE LIFE WITHOUT OL' DARRY AROUND

I'M SO TIRED OF WORKING MY HANDS TO THE BONE.
I WISH THAT I COULD SETTLE DOWN WITH A LADY,
WISH I COULD, BUT I CAN'T, SO INSTEAD I GOTTA
BREAK MY BACK ALL DAY AND THEN BUST MY ASS AT HOME

WHAT'S THE USE OF DREAMIN'
ABOUT A LIFE I I'LL NEVER KNOW?
THAT SHIP SAILED LONG AGO.

PONYBOY
If you hate us so much then you should just leave.

DARREL
You got no idea what I give up for you two! You see these hands?! How torn up they are?! How old they look?! I do it for you, Ponyboy, and for your knucklehead brother so we can live in this house! So there can be food on the table every night!

PONYBOY
You're not Dad, Darrel! And you're not Mom, neither!
So stop tryin' to be!

FAR AWAY FROM TULSA

PONYBOY
FAR AWAY FROM TULSA
WAY OUTSIDE OF TOWN
WHERE PEOPLE CAN BE PEOPLE AND NOBODY PUTS YOU DOWN
JUST BECAUSE THEY DON'T WANT YOU AROUND.
IT'S FAR OUT IN THE COUNTRY
BLUE SKIES OVERHEAD
I'VE SEEN IT IN THE MOVIES
AND IN THE BOOKS I'VE READ
THIS PLACE IS REAL, IT'S NOT JUST IN MY HEAD.

THIS TOWN IS A DEAD-END ROAD
LET'S LEAVE THIS BEHIND,
LET'S JUST GET UP AND GO.

FIND A NEW PLACE TO CALL HOME
MAKE A NEW LIFE WE CAN CALL OUR OWN
SOME PLACE WHERE WE CAN BE FREE
FREE TO DECIDE WHO WE WANNA BE
IT'S ALL BECOMING CLEAR.

A PLACE WITH OPEN SPACES
THE SOUND OF WHIPPOORWILLS
WE COULD WATCH THE SUNSET OVER GOLDEN ROLLING HILLS
A HOUSE WITH FLOWERS ON THE WINDOW SILL.

JOHNNY
AND YOU COULD READ US STORIES
AND OUTSIDE IN THE YARD
WE'D HAVE OURSELVES A GARDEN
BUT WE WOULDN'T WORK TOO HARD
AND EV'RY NIGHT WE'D STARE UP AT THE STARS.

PONYBOY & JOHNNY
THIS TOWN IS A DEAD-END ROAD
LET'S LEAVE THIS BEHIND, LET'S JUST GET UP AND GO.

FIND A NEW PLACE TO CALL HOME
MAKE A NEW LIFE WE CAN CALL OUR OWN
SOME PLACE WHERE WE CAN BE FREE
FREE TO DECIDE WHO WE WANNA BE
IT'S ALL BECOMING CLEAR.

JOHNNY
WE'D SIT AROUND THE FIRE
AFTER EV'RY DAY WAS THROUGH
WE'D BE EACH OTHERS' FAM'LY, PONY,
START THIS LIFE ANEW

PONYBOY
THIS COULD BE YOUR CHANCE TO HAVE A PLACE
TO REST YOUR HEAD
YOU'D WAKE UP EV'RY MORNING IN A BIG OLD FEATHER BED.
LIKE THE HOUSE I READ IN DICKENS WHERE THE WALLS
ARE CRUMBLING DOWN
I'M TIRED OF IDLY WATCHING AS WE'RE INCHING
TOWARD THE GROUND
"PONYBOY, YOU'RE JUST A DREAMER" THAT'S WHAT BOTH
MY BROTHERS SAY
BUT IT'S ALL THERE FOR THE TAKING JUST
A LEAP OF FAITH AWAY
I'VE GOT

FULL COMPANY
GREAT EXPECTATIONS.
GREAT EXPECTATIONS.
GREAT EXPECTATIONS.
GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

PONYBOY & JOHNNY
IT'S ALL BECOMING CLEAR.
THERE'S NO WAY WE'RE GOING TO FIND THAT HERE.

RUN RUN BROTHER

JOHNNY
We messed up, Dally. We messed up bad.

DALLY
What the hell happened?

PONYBOY
He stuck him in the back, he stuck him in the back,
he stuck him in the back -

DALLY
Wait, wait, wait, slow down. Who stuck who in the back?

JOHNNY
WE WERE WALKIN' THROUGH THE PARK TONIGHT
JUST TRYING TO GET HOME
THE SOCS CAME AND PICKED A FIGHT
IT GOT OUT OF CONTROL

PONYBOY
THEY HAD ME UNDERWATER
THEY WERE GONNA TAKE MY LIFE
I COMPLETELY WENT UNCONSCIOUS AND WHEN I CAME TO
THERE WAS JOHNNY WITH HIS KNIFE.

DALLY
COME ON IN YOU'RE SOAKING WET
YOU MUST BE FREEZING COLD
DID ANYBODY SEE YOU?

PONYBOY & JOHNNY
NO, WE DID NOT SEE A SOUL.
WE DIDN'T KNOW WHERE ELSE TO GO
WE HAD TO COME TO YOU
DALLY, PLEASE, JUST TELL US WHAT TO DO.

DALLY
RUN RUN BROTHER,
YOU GOTTA GET OUT WHILE YOU CAN
RUN TAKE COVER
I'M GONNA COME UP WITH A PLAN.
I HATE TO MAKE YOU GO.
BUT THERE AIN'T NO OTHER WAY
EVEN THOUGH IT KILLS ME TO SAY
RUN RUN BROTHER.

THERE'S A TRAIN, THE THREE-FIFTEEN
IT'S LEAVING PRETTY SOON
ALL I'VE GOT IS FIFTY BUCKS
THAT OUGHTA GET YOU THROUGH
AND WHEN YOU GET TO WINDRIXVILLE
YOU TAKE THE OLD DIRT ROAD.
THERE'S AN OLD ABANDONED CHURCH
A PERFECT PLACE FOR LAYING LOW

BUY SOME FOOD AND WAIT FOR ME
IT MIGHT TAKE A COUPLE DAYS
BUT I WON'T LEAVE YOU HANGING,
WE'LL GET THROUGH THIS
NOW YOU BEST BE ON YOUR WAY

ALL
RUN RUN BROTHER

DALLY
YOU GOTTA GET OUT WHILE YOU CAN.

ALL
RUN TAKE COVER

DALLY
I'M GONNA COME UP WITH A PLAN.
I HATE TO MAKE YOU GO.
BUT THERE AIN'T NO OTHER WAY
EVEN THOUGH IT KILLS ME TO SAY

GROUP 1
THIS TOWN IS A DEAD-END ROAD

LET'S LEAVE THIS BEHIND
LET'S JUST GET UP AND GO

GROUP 1
THIS TOWN IT ONLY
HOLDS YOU DOWN
THERE'S JUDGMENT EVERYWHERE

IF YOU'RE NOT BORN INTO MONEY

THEN YOU'RE BORN INTO DESPAIR

GREASERS
SOONER OR LATER YOU LEARN

GREASE ISN'T GIVEN
NO IT'S SOMETHING YOU EARN

WHEN THE WHOLE WORLD
IS CRAZY YOU GOT
NOWHERE TO TURN
YOU CAN RUN THROUGH
THE FIRE BUT YOU'RE
BOUND TO GET BURNED

OOH

OOH

GROUP 1
YOU GOT TO RUN

YOU GOT TO RUN

ALL
YOU'RE A GREASER NOW
AND YOU AIN'T GOIN' BACK

JOHNNY
There's the sign for Windrixville!

FULL COMPANY
RUN RUN BROTHER
RUN RUN BROTHER
RUN RUN BROTHER
RUN RUN BROTHER
RUN RUN BROTHER
RUN RUN BROTHER
RUN RUN —

GROUP 2
RUN RUN BROTHER

RUN TAKE COVER

GROUP 2
OOOH

OOOH

GROUP 1
OOOH

OOOH

NOWHERE TO TURN
YOU CAN RUN THROUGH

OOOH

GROUP 2
YOU'RE A GREASER
NOW AND YOU
AIN'T GOING BACK
YOU'RE AN
EASTBOUND TRAIN ON A
GREASED-UP TRACK

GROUP 3
GET OUT WHILE YOU CAN

GROUP 2

RUN RUN BROTHER

THE FIRE BUT YOU'RE
BOUND TO GET BURNED

GROUP 3
RUN RUN BROTHER
YOU GOTTA GET OUT
WHILE YOU CAN
WHILE YOU CAN
RUN TAKE COVER
I'M GONNA COME
UP WITH A PLAN

GROUP 4
THIS TOWN IT ONLY
HOLDS YOU DOWN
THERE'S JUDGMENT
EVERYWHERE
IF YOU'RE NOT
BORN INTO MONEY
THEN YOU'RE BORN
INTO DESPAIR

JUSTICE FOR TULSA

COP
CALL CAME IN AT THREE-FIFTEEN
BLOODIEST MESS I EVER SEEN
A LONE BOY THERE LEFT FOR DEAD
NO ONE ELSE AROUND

COMPANY
JUSTICE FOR TULSA
SEARCH THIS TOWN HIGH AND LOW
MUST BE SOMEONE OUT THERE WHO KNOWS

COP
I CHECKED TO SEE IF HE WAS STILL ALIVE
HIS BODY WAS COLD, EYES OPEN WIDE
HIS FACE WAS TWISTED, ALMOST SEEMED SURPRISED
LYING THERE ON THE GROUND.

COMPANY
I HEARD THEY WERE FROM THE EAST SIDE
THEY WERE PROWLING AROUND AT NIGHT
WAS A NICE BOY FROM THE WEST SIDE
AND THEY KILLED HIM WITH A SWITCHBLADE KNIFE

COP
PUT OUT A CALL TO BRING DALLAS IN
THAT WINSTON BOY WITH THE CROOKED GRIN
IF THERE'S ANYTHING HE KNOWS
I'M GONNA GET IT OUT OF HIM

DALLY
I GOT NO CLUE WHERE THEY COULD BE
AND WHY THE HELL YOU ASKIN' ME
EVEN IF I KNEW WOULDN'T GIVE THEM UP TO YOU
IF YOU'RE TURNING UP THE HEAT
I'VE DEALT WITH HOTTER SHIT THAN YOU
WHEN THERE'S TROUBLE ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF TOWN
IT'S ME AND ALL MY BOYS YOU'RE SHAKIN' DOWN

WELL, I GOT NOTHIN' FOR YA
WHY DON'T YOU JUST GET LOST?
WHY DON'T YOU ASK THOSE SOCS WHY THE LINE GOT CROSSED

COMPANY
JUSTICE FOR TULSA
DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

CHERRY
COULD THIS HAVE GONE A DIFFERENT WAY
CAN'T BELIEVE I'M STANDING HERE TODAY
BUT YOU NEVER DID THE THINGS YOU SHOULD
EVEN SO I KNOW YOUR HEART WAS GOOD

WHEN IT WAS ONLY YOU AND ME ALONE
I SAW A SIDE OF YOU I WISH THEY'D KNOWN
LIKE A SECRET YOU COULD NEVER SHARE
THE PART OF YOU THAT TRULY CARED

PAUL
THIS CAN'T BE REAL
HE CAN'T BE GONE
AND I DON'T KNOW HOW WE JUST CARRY ON

THIS COULD HAVE HAPPENED
TO ANYONE
BUT HERE WE ARE
CAN'T BE UNDONE

CHERRY
WHAT HAVE WE DONE

PAUL
WE WERE ONLY HAVING FUN

CHERRY
YOU WERE ONLY HAVING FUN?

PAUL
WE WERE ONLY HAVING FUN
JUST HANGING OUT
JUST HORSING AROUND
DOING WHAT WE'VE ALWAYS DONE

CHERRY
BOB WAS DRINKING YOU WERE DRINKING TOO
AND TELL ME WHAT'S SO FUN ABOUT A FIGHT
THAT'S FIVE ON TWO?
WHAT'D YOU THINK THAT BOY WAS GONNA DO?
HE LIVED HIS LIFE SCARED TO DEATH
AFTER WHAT YOU PUT HIM THROUGH

PAUL
BOB WENT CRAZY WHEN HE SAW YOU WITH THAT GREASER KID
YOU HELD HIS HAND AT THE CONCESSION STAND
I SAW IT ALL

PAUL & SOCS
YOU KNOW JUST WHAT YOU DID

CHERRY
YOU GUYS WERE WILD THAT NIGHT
OUT LOOKING FOR A FIGHT
THE TWO OF US JUST STAYED BEHIND
YOU COULDN'T STAND TO LEAVE THOSE BOYS ALONE

PAUL & SOCS
YOU AND PONY HOLDING HANDS
I DON'T THINK YOU UNDERSTAND
BOB WAS NOT A JEALOUS MAN
CHERRY, WHAT YOU DID THAT NIGHT WAS WRONG

PAUL
YOU SHOULD BE AS MAD AS ME
AT THIS SENSELESS TRAGEDY
BOB DIDN'T NEED TO DIE

PAUL & SOCS

PAUL & SOCS
THE GREASERS CROSSED THE LINE
WE CAN SIT HERE ASKING WHY
OR WE CAN SEND THEM BACK A MESSAGE
TAKE AN EYE FOR AN EYE.

ANYONE FROM THE EAST SIDE,
IF YOU'RE PROWLIN' AROUND AT NIGHT,
WE GOT A MESSAGE FROM THE WEST SIDE:
YOU BETTER RUN FOR YOUR LIFE.

PAUL
Next Saturday night! Pershing Park!
ALL OUT WAR IS OFFICIALLY DECLARED

GROUP 1
JUSTICE FOR TULSA WHERE DID
THOSE GREASERS GO?
AT MUST BE SOMEONE OUT THERE
WHO KNOWS

GROUP 2
ANYONE FROM THE EAST SIDE, IF
YOU'RE PROWLIN' AROUND
NIGHT, WE GOT A MESSAGE FROM
THE WEST SIDE: YOU BETTER RUN
FOR YOUR LIFE.

GROUP 3
JUSTICE FOR TULSA

ALL
SEARCH THIS TOWN HIGH AND
SEARCH THIS TOWN HIGH AND
SEARCH THIS TOWN HIGH AND LOW

DEATH'S AT MY DOOR

PONYBOY
DEATH'S AT MY DOOR
CALLING MY NAME
IT'S BEEN HERE BEFORE AND IT NEVER LEAVES EASY
IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME
ONE BY ONE I'M LOSING EVERYONE

WHEREVER I GO
IT'S ALL THAT I SEE
THERE'S DEATH AT MY DOOR
AND I SWEAR THAT IT'S FOLLOWING ME
JOHNNY, CAN'T YOU SEE I'VE BROUGHT THIS ON?

YOU SHOULD MOVE ON
YOU'D BE BETTER OFF WITHOUT ME
DEATH'S SHADOW IS LONG
AND IT GROWS ALL AROUND ME

JOHNNY
PONY, YOU'RE WRONG
YOU AIN'T LEAVING WITHOUT ME
I DON'T BELIEVE FOR A MINUTE
ANY OF THIS NONSENSE YOU'RE SAYIN'

I WOULDN'T GIVE A DAMN EVEN IF
EVERY SINGLE WORD WAS TRUE

I HAD NO REASON TO LIVE BACK IN TULSA
SADNESS WAS ALL THAT I KNEW
I DON'T BELIEVE IN THE DEATH THAT YOU'RE BRINGIN'

JOHNNY & PONYBOY
THE REASON I'M LIVIN' IS YOU
WHEREVER YOU GO,
THAT'S WHERE I'LL BE.
EVEN IF DEATH TAGS ALONG
I DON'T MIND
IT'S STILL YOU AND ME.

JOHNNY
I'LL NEVER LEAVE YOU ALONE

PONYBOY
I'LL NEVER LEAVE YOU ALONE

JOHNNY & PONYBOY
I'LL NEVER LEAVE YOU ALONE

THROWING IN THE TOWEL

DARREL
SODA, I'M REALLY A MESS
EVERY NIGHT I WORRY MYSELF TO SLEEP
WHILE YOU'RE WATCHING CARTOONS
THERE AIN'T NOTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU

I KNOW THAT PONYBOY'S REALLY GOT A
DAMN GOOD HEART
SOMETHING 'BOUT HIM THAT REALLY COULD
TAKE HIM FAR
BUT I KEEP HOLDING HIM DOWN
I'VE RUN THIS FAMILY RIGHT INTO THE GROUND
MAYBE YOU'D BE
BEST WITHOUT ME

I DON'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO SAY
I'VE LOST OUR BROTHER AND I'VE LOST MY WAY
I THINK A FOOL COULDA DONE BETTER
MAYBE I'VE BEEN AFRAID TO SAY
THAT I'M JUST NOT CUT OUT FOR THIS
JUST ANOTHER FAILURE ON A GROWING LIST
AND IT'S HARDER NOW THAN EVER
IT'S MORE THAN I CAN TAKE
THERE AIN'T NO ONE TO BAIL ME OUT
THERE AIN'T NO SAVING THIS NOW
I THINK I'M THROWING IN THE TOWEL

SODAPOP
ON THE DAYS WHEN YOU'RE FEELING LIKE
YOU'RE TORN IN TWO
MAKING DINNER, PAYING BILLS THAT ARE OVERDUE
YOU THINK THAT I DON'T SEE
IT'D GO TO HELL IF IT WAS LEFT UP TO ME
AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE WOULD DO
IF YOU WERE NOT AROUND
NO ONE TO KEEP THE SHIP AFLOAT WHEN
IT'S GOING DOWN
DARREL, I NEED YOU
AND ANYONE CAN SEE THAT PONY DOES, TOO
I KNOW YOU LOVE HIM
THAT'S ALL YOU GOTTA DO

I DON'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO SAY
I KNOW YOU FEEL LIKE YOU'VE LOST YOUR WAY
BUT I THINK YOU'RE DOING BETTER
BETTER THAN YOU KNOW

DARREL
IF HE COMES BACK THERE'S A PRICE TO PAY
WHAT IF THEY LOCK OUR BROTHER AWAY

SODAPOP
THERE AIN'T NO WAY OF KNOWING
WE GOTTA GET OUR BROTHER HOME

SODAPOP, DARREL & PONYBOY
THIS IS THE DARKEST HOUR OF THE DARKEST NIGHT
LOOKING UP AHEAD YOU CAN'T SEE NO LIGHT
BUT THE TIME IS NOW OR NEVER
THERE AIN'T NO LETTING GO

SODAPOP
YOU MIGHT FEEL LIKE YOU'RE GIVING OUT
WE NEED YOU MORE THAN EVER NOW
DON'T GO THROWING IN THE TOWEL
I KNOW YOUR HEAD IS FULL OF DOUBT
BUT, BROTHER, THAT'S WHAT LOVE IS ALL ABOUT
DON'T GO THROWING IN THE TOWEL

SODAPOP, DARREL & PONYBOY
WHEN YOU LOVE SOMEONE THAT'S ALL THAT YOU CAN DO
THERE AIN'T NO THROWING IN THE TOWEL

SODA'S LETTER

PONYBOY, SODAPOP, & DARREL
PONYBOY, THIS HOUSE AIN'T A HOME WITHOUT YOU

SODAPOP
ME AND DARREL WISH THAT YOU AND
JOHNNY WOULD JUST COME HOME

YOUR BROTHER NEEDS YOU JUST AS
MUCH AS YOU NEED HIM
AND, BROTHER, WE AIN'T DOING TOO GOOD ALONE

IT'S PRETTY STRANGE SEEING YOUR FACE IN THE PAPER
RIGHT THERE UNDERNEATH THAT WANTED SIGN
I KNOW YOU'RE LAYING LOW
BUT I JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW
I'M AFRAID THAT WE ARE RUNNING OUT OF TIME

DARREL STAYS UP ALL NIGHT ALONE
'TIL HE FINALLY FALLS ASLEEP BY THE TELEPHONE
PONY, WHAT'S BEEN DONE IS DONE
THERE'S ONLY SO FAR YOU CAN RUN
I HOPE THAT WHAT I'M SAYING'S GETTING THROUGH
I WROTE THIS LETTER JUST TO SAY TO YOU
PONYBOY, THIS HOUSE AIN'T A HOME
WITHOUT YOU

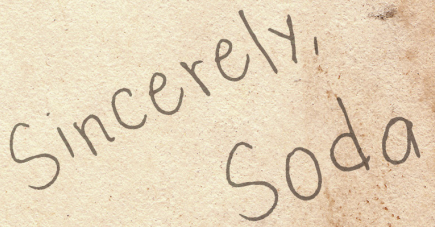
Sincerely, Soda.

PONYBOY, SODAPOP, & DARREL
PONYBOY, THIS HOUSE AIN'T A HOME WITHOUT YOU

SODAPOP
P.s. Say hey to Johnny for us.

PONYBOY, SODAPOP, & DARREL
PONYBOY

DARREL
THIS HOUSE AIN'T A HOME WITHOUT YOU



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HOODS TURNED HEROES

TWO-BIT
WELL, I WOKE UP THIS MORNING
HUNGOVER FROM THE NIGHT BEFORE
I PICKED UP THE PAPER
AND MY JAW DONE HIT THE FLOOR
THERE WERE KIDS TRAPPED IN A FIRE
AND A COUPLE OF HEROES CAME TO THEIR AID
I HAD TO LOOK TWICE AT THE PICTURE
WHEN I SAW THAT IT WAS PONYBOY AND JOHNNY CADE.
I THOUGHT THEM BOYS WERE AS GOOD AS DEAD,
BUT AS IT TURNS OUT THE HEADLINE READ:

"HOODS TURNED HEROES"
THESE GREASERS ARE THE TALK OF THE TOWN.
THEY RAN STRAIGHT INTO THE FIRE,
WHILE THAT OLD CHURCH WAS BURNING DOWN.

JUST SOME LOWDOWN DIRTY GREASERS
ACCUSED OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE.
IMAGINE THIS:
THEY SAVED SOME KIDS.
THAT'S HOW THEY GOT TO BE
YEAH, THAT'S HOW THEY GOT TO BE THE FRONT-PAGE
STORY HOODS TURNED HEROES.

SODAPOP
WHEN A GREASER'S IN THE PAPER
YOU CAN BET A DOLLAR THAT IT AIN'T NO GOOD.

GREASERS
SOMEONE GOT ROBBED, SOMEONE GOT MUGGED,
SOMEONE HAD A RUN-IN WITH A GREASER HOOD.

GREASERS (NO DARREL)
BUT NOW THE TIDE IS CHANGING
I CAN SEE THE PEOPLE TURNING ONE BY ONE,
ARE WE HEADED FOR THE AGE OF THE GREASERS?
THE RECONCILIATION'S ALREADY BEGUN.

GREASERS
HOODS TURNED HEROES

TWO-BIT
THEY CAUGHT US ALL BY SURPRISE
WHEN THEY ROSE TO THE OCCASION
PUT IT ALL ON THE LINE
AND SAVED ALL OF THEM CHILDREN'S LIVES

GREASERS
HOODS TURNED HEROES

SODAPOP
IS TULSA GONNA FINALLY SEE
GOT SOME HEROES IN THE MAKING

TWO-BIT
AND THE GREASER REPUTATION

ACE, STEVE, DARREL
AIN'T THE BURDEN THAT IT USED TO BE

GREASERS
'CAUSE LOOK AT US NOW,
WE'RE GETTIN' OUR DUE
IT'S FEELIN' EVEN SWEETER AFTER WHAT
WE'VE BEEN THROUGH.

HOODS TURNED HEROES.
THIS TOWN'LL NEVER BE THE SAME
IT'S TIME WE CELEBRATE THE GREASERS,
TAKE PRIDE IN THE GREASER NAME
OWE IT ALL TO PONY AND JOHNNY
THEY STILL GOT A WAYS TO GO
BUT Y'ALL STAY TUNED
THEY'LL GET WELL SOON
THERE'S GONNA BE MORE TO THIS GREASERS STORY
HOODS TURNED HEROES.

HOPELESS WAR

PONYBOY
A BATTLE'S RAGING IN MY HEAD
I SWEAR YOUR FRIENDS THEY WANTED ME DEAD
I NEVER WOULD HAVE FOUGHT BEFORE
BUT THE SOCS, THEY DECLARED THIS WAR

CHERRY
BUT THIS WAR IT EATS YOU UP INSIDE
'TIL YOU'RE BLINDED BY YOUR FOOLISH PRIDE
WHEN YOU ONLY SEE THE WORLD ONE WAY
IT'S ONLY BLACK AND WHITE BUT NEVER GRAY

ONE BY ONE WE FALL IN LINE
THE SAME MISTAKE A THOUSAND TIMES
DOING WHAT WE'VE ALL BEEN RAISED TO DO
NOW JOHNNY'S HURT AND BOB HAS DIED
WHEN WILL WE BE SATISFIED?
I KNOW SOMEWHERE INSIDE OF YOU,
YOU FEEL THE SAME WAY, TOO

IT'S A HOPELESS WAR, WE'RE FIGHTING
AND WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT FOR
THE TRUTH IS, EVEN IN THE END
EVEN IF YOU WIN, IT DOESN'T CHANGE A THING

YOU'LL STILL BE THE LOSERS, DESTINED TO FAIL
AND WE'LL BE THE LUCKY ONES
GOT THE WHOLE WORLD BY THE TAIL
I CAME TO YOU BECAUSE I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE
THE ONLY ONE WHO UNDERSTANDS

THIS HOPELESS WAR IS
SO COMPLETELY HOPELESS IN THE END

PONYBOY
I can't sit this one out. I just can't.

The Cast of *The Outsiders*

TROUBLE

DALLY
COME ON, BOYS,
READY YOUR FISTS
IT'S TIME TO DO WHAT WE DO

GREASERS
FIGHT!

DALLY
DO IT FOR JOHNNY,
EVEN THE SCORE
IT'S TIME TO RALLY THE CREW

GREASERS
FIGHT!

THOSE BOYS WANT TROUBLE THEN IT'S ON ITS WAY
THOSE BOYS WANT TROUBLE THEN IT'S ON ITS WAY - FIGHT!

DARREL
Ponyboy, you need to really think about this.
You know Mom and Dad wouldn't let you fight,
not in a million years.
Let me fight for you, Ponyboy. Please.

PONYBOY
Hey listen up! ...
Do it for Johnny!

ALL GREASERS
For Johnny!

THOSE BOYS WANT TROUBLE THEN IT'S ON ITS WAY - FIGHT!

ALL SOCS & GREASERS
THOSE BOYS WANT TROUBLE THEN IT'S ON ITS WAY - FIGHT!

LITTLE BROTHER

DALLY
FIRST THEY BEAT US DOWN
ONE AFTER ANOTHER
KEEP LOSIN' GROUND
NOWHERE TO TAKE COVER
THEY WANT US OUT OF TOWN
THEN WHO WOULD THEY BEAT ON?
WHO WOULD THEY SPIT ON?
WHO WOULD THEY BLAME IT ON
IF WE WEREN'T AROUND?

NOW WE'RE NEVER GOIN' BACK
EV'RYTHING IS LOST
AND WE'LL NEVER GET IT BACK
'CAUSE A LINE'S BEEN CROSSED.

LITTLE BROTHER
SORRY I FAILED YOU
I COULD NOT SAVE YOU
NO, I CAN'T EVEN SAVE MYSELF.

DALLY & ONSTAGE GREASERS
LITTLE BROTHER

DALLY
THEY CANNOT HURT YOU ANYMORE
AND THEY CANNOT TAKE ANY MORE FROM ME
IF I AIN'T GOT YOU
THEN I AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' ELSE.

IF ANYTHING WAS FAIR
YOU WOULD STILL BE HERE
DOES ANYBODY CARE
WHEN A GREASER DISAPPEARS?
WE'RE NEVER GOIN' BACK
EV'RYTHING IS LOST
AND WE'LL NEVER GET IT BACK
'CAUSE A LINE'S BEEN CROSSED.

DALLY & ENSEMBLE
LITTLE BROTHER
I'M SORRY I FAILED YOU
I COULD NOT SAVE YOU
NO, I CAN'T EVEN SAVE MYSELF.
LITTLE BROTHER
THEY CANNOT HURT YOU ANYMORE
AND THEY CANNOT TAKE ANY MORE FROM ME
IF I AIN'T GOT YOU
THEN I AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' ELSE
IF I AIN'T GOT YOU
THEN I AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' ELSE.

DALLY
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT
I FIN'LY SEE THAT NOW
THEY TOOK THE ONLY THING THAT MATTERED TO ME ANYHOW

THAT'S WHY I'M STANDING HERE
NO GOOD TO RUN AWAY
THAT'S ALL I'VE EVER DONE
BUT NOW'S THE TIME FOR ME TO STAY

DO IT FOR ALL OF US
THE FACES IN THE CROWD
AND WHEN THEY TRY TO SHUT YOU UP
THEN SCREAM IT TWICE AS LOUD
DO IT FOR COOL HAND LUKE
DO IT FOR JESSE JAMES
DO IT FOR ALL THE UNSUNG HEROES
YOU DON'T KNOW THEIR NAMES

DO IT FOR PONYBOY
DO IT FOR JOHNNY CADE
DON'T LEAVE A STONE UNTURNED
DON'T LEAVE A DEBT UNPAID

JOHNNY, I AM COMING HOME
ABOUT TO TAKE MY FINAL BOW
HOPE YOU SAVED A SEAT FOR ME
JOHNNY, CAN YOU SEE ME NOW

STAY GOLD

JOHNNY
I HAVE HAD SOME TIME FOR THINKING
SWORE I WASN'T READY TO DIE
TURNS OUT I WAS WRONG

IT MIGHT SOUND CRAZY, BUT HEAR ME OUT
IT MAY TAKE ME TO THE GRAVE
BUT I KNOW WHAT YOUR POEM'S ABOUT

I HAVE SEEN A POOL OF BLOOD RUN CRIMSON RED
AND I'VE SEEN THE SUNRISE COMING OVERHEAD

FINDING BEAUTY IN THE FOLD
IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO KEEP FROM GROWING OLD
MY FRIEND, STAY GOLD

WHEN YOU'RE YOUNG
AND THE WORLD IS NEW
IT'S EASY TO FORGET WHEN YOU'RE TRYING
JUST TO MAKE IT THROUGH

LIKE THE MORNING LIGHT
AND THE DAWN IT BRINGS
YOU SEE THE WORLD FINDING BEAUTY
IN THE SIMPLE THINGS

I HAVE LOOKED INTO A THANKFUL FATHER'S EYES
TELLING ME I SAVED HIS DAUGHTER'S LIFE
I'D DO IT ALL AGAIN
'CAUSE I HAVE FOUND THE BEAUTY IN THE FOLD
MY FRIEND, STAY GOLD

PONYBOY & JOHNNY
LOOKING BACK AT THE LIFE I'VE HAD
I HOLD ONTO THE GOOD CAUSE I MADE MY PEACE
WITH ALL THE BAD

SIXTEEN YEARS, LOOK AT ALL WE'VE DONE
WOULDN'T TRADE IT FOR THE WORLD
CAN'T YOU SEE THAT WE'RE THE LUCKY ONES

I HAVE KNOWN A LOVE THAT MANY NEVER KNOW
AND THAT LOVE LIVES ON NO MATTER WHERE I GO
WE ALL WILL MEET OUR END
NO MATTER IF WE MEET IT YOUNG OR OLD
MY FRIEND, STAY GOLD

JOHNNY
There's still a lot of time to make yourself what you want, Ponyboy. There's still a whole lot of good in the world. Tell Dally, I don't think he knows.

PONYBOY & JOHNNY
FINDING BEAUTY IN THE FOLD
IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO KEEP FROM GROWING OLD.
MY FRIEND, STAY GOLD.

PONYBOY
MY FRIEND, STAY GOLD.

FINALE (TULSA '67)

DARREL
When I stepped out into the bright sunlight from the darkness of the movie house, I had only two things on my mind: Paul Newman and a ride home.

PONYBOY
I'VE NEVER BEEN OUT OF TULSA BEFORE
I WONDER WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE.
I'VE NEVER KNOWN ANYBODY TO LEAVE.
MOST PEOPLE GET STUCK HERE FOR LIFE.

I USED TO GLORIFY HOW COOL HAND LUKE WAS FREE
HE WASN'T TIED TO ANYTHING.
I USED TO IDOLIZE THE ACTORS ON THE SCREEN
I LOOKED AT NEWMAN LIKE A KING.

AND NOW I LOOK AT WHAT MY BROTHERS DO FOR ME
THEY'RE THE REASON THAT I'M STANDING HERE RIGHT NOW.
ONE THING IS CERTAIN I CAN SAY WITHOUT A DOUBT
THOSE HEROES PAVED A WAY SO I COULD FIN'LLY MAKE IT OUT.

DARREL, YOU'RE THE TOUGHEST GUY I KNOW
JUST TOOK ME WAY TOO LONG TO SEE
SODA, YOU'RE THIS FAMILY'S HEART AND SOUL
CAN YOU IMAGINE HOW PROUD MOM AND DAD WOULD BE?

SODAPOP
I could picture hundreds and hundreds of boys living on the wrong sides of cities, boys with black eyes who jumped at their own shadows. Hundreds of boys who maybe watched sunsets and looked at stars and ached for something better.

PONYBOY
AND NOW I'M THINKING 'BOUT THE DALLYS OF THE WORLD
ALWAYS ON THE OUTSIDE LOOKIN' IN.

PONYBOY & DALLY
BRUISES ON THEIR EYES,
WEARIN' GREASE FOR THEIR DISGUISE

PONYBOY, DALLY, TWO-BIT & JOHNNY
TRYING TO LOOK TOUGH SO THEY'RE NOT
BEATEN DOWN AGAIN.

PONYBOY, DALLY, TWO-BIT, JOHNNY & ACE
AND EV'RYBODY LOVES TO JUDGE US
BUT NOBODY LENDS A HAND

PONYBOY, DALLY, TWO-BIT, JOHNNY, ACE & STEVE
THEY SEE GREASE AND DIRTY CLOTHES
THEY NEVER TRY TO UNDERSTAND THAT

FULL COMPANY
WE ALL COME FROM DIFFERENT PLACES
WE ALL START FROM DIFF'RENT LINES

PONYBOY
AND WHEN THEY HEAR OUR STORY MAYBE WE CAN CHANGE
THEIR MINDS

I wondered for a long time how to start, how to start writing about something that was important to me. And I finally began like this...

FULL COMPANY
THIS IS TULSA NINETEEN SIXTY SEVEN

PONYBOY
AND IT'S TIME THIS GREASER STORY'S TOLD
FOR THE HOPELESS BOY WITH THE RECKLESS GRIN
FOR THE DOWN AND OUTS WHO CAN NEVER WIN
ON THE OUTSIDE LOOKIN' IN
LOOKING DOWN JOHNNY CADE'LL SMILE AGAIN
HE WAS

FULL COMPANY
JUST TOO DAMN GOOD FOR GROWING OLD
AND IN HIS MEMORY I'LL STAY GOLD

STAY GOLD
STAY GOLD
STAY GOLD

CURTIS BOYS & JOHNNY
TULSA NINETEEN SIXTY SEVEN

GROUP 1
STAY GOLD

CURTIS BOYS & JOHNNY
JUST ONE THING YOU NEED TO KNOW

GROUP 1
STAY GOLD

CURTIS BOYS & JOHNNY
TULSA NINETEEN SIXTY SEVEN

GROUP 2
WOO-HOO
WOO-HOO
WOO-HOO

GROUP 1
STAY GOLD

CURTIS BOYS & JOHNNY
JUST ONE THING YOU NEED TO KNOW

WOO-HOO
WOO-HOO
WOO-HOO

ALL
STAY GOLD

Joshua Boone, Brody Grant, Kevin William Paul, Tilly Evans-Krueger, Brent Comer, Jason Schmidt, RJ Higton

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